

the text, "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." Matt. xxiv. 13. He showed that it is necessary, not only to accept of salvation through Christ, but to endure—to continue unto the end: we must continue in faith, hope, charity and the Christian graces and virtues. It is hoped that his appropriate instructions and admonitions will ever be remembered and improved by all who heard them.

J. W. BEER.

Vernalis, Cal., July 30th.

FROM MEXICO, IND.

We are having some grand sermons. The theme of the morning discourses are from conversion to glorification and at night to the young people. The subject last church day in the morning "The Christian and his Church," in the evening "The Young Man and his Business." The next is "The Christian and his Business," at night "The Young Man and Politics." We have printed cards with the topics and date to distribute. They promise to be quite helpful in every way. We have no great work to report just now. Will send a letter written us from Sister Edward, thinking it may interest others as much as it did us. You can see what spirit can be manifested even though isolated from church privileges. And to you sister will say your letter was much appreciated and we ask you to write again. Hope we will have a profitable conference.

MRS. L. B. SKINNER.

CALIFORNIA CAMP MEETING.

This meeting is to be held in what is known as Cook's grove, near Ripon, San Joaquin Co. The opening service is to be held on the ground on Thursday evening, Sept. 6th; and the meeting is to continue over two Sundays. It is expected that Elders H. R. Holsinger and P. S. Garman will attend the meeting, to labor for us in word and doctrine.

Arrangements are being made to have a boarding hall, so that all who prefer to board in this way, can do so at cheap rates—10 cents per meal, except on Sundays, when, at noon and evening, the charges will be 25 cents per meal. There will also be an abundant supply of good food for horses, etc.

It is understood that there shall be a meeting for the Sister's Society of Christian Endeavor on Tuesday, Sept. 11th, at 2 o'clock P. M.; for the W. C. T. U. on Thursday at 2 o'clock P. M.; and a Children's Day on Saturday, the 15th, at 2 o'clock P. M. All are not only invited but urged to attend.

With this announcement we send forth our strongest appeal to all who can, to attend this camp meeting. Come, and bring as many along as you can. Come, not only to enjoy the meeting, to be encouraged and strengthened, but to labor, as you may have opportunity and ability,

for the advancement of the cause and the salvation of souls. Come, if you can, so as to enjoy and improve the entire meeting; but if you cannot do this, come as soon as you can, and enjoy as much of it as possible. Let there be an unusual effort put forth to have a glorious meeting, and God will bless the effort for his glory and for the welfare of his people and his cause.

There is plenty of good room for all who wish to bring tents; and, when persons have their own tents, they feel more at home, and are in a better shape to labor for the success of the meeting.

By order of the camp meeting committee.

Fraternally,

J. W. BEER.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

AT THE GATE.

"For behold the Kingdom of God is within you."

Thy Kingdom here?

Lord, can it be?

Searching and seeking everywhere,

For many a year,

"Thy kingdom come" has been my prayer,

Was that dear Kingdom all the while so near?

Blinded and dull

With selfish sin,

Have I been sitting at the gates

Called Beautiful!

Where Thy fair angel stands and waits,

With hand upon the lock, to let me in?

Was I the wall

Which barred the way,

Darkening the glory of Thy grace,

Hiding the ray

Which, shining out as from Thy very face,

Had shown to other men the perfect day?

Was I the bar

Which shut me out

From the full joyance which they taste

Whose spirits are

Within Thy paradise embraced—

Thy blessed paradise, which seems so far?

Let me not sit

Another hour,

Idly waiting what is mine to win,

Blinded in wit,

Lord Jesus, rend these walls of self and sin,

Beat down the gate, that I may enter in.

—English Pulpit

NOT A FRUITLESS LIFE.

The Inestimable Value in Results of Self-Sacrifice.

James Brady is a mechanic. He had a satisfactory position as foreman of a machine shop, and easily supported his wife and two boys. The boys were twelve and fourteen years old, and went to school.

One day Mr. Brady completed an invention that he thought would bring great wealth. It was patented. He interested friends in it. Money was borrowed to bring it to the notice of the public. He gave up his foremanship of the machine shop, and—like hundreds of men before him who have the inventor's mania—lost all. The failure was complete; so complete that it extinguished the inventor's ambition and left him weak and incapable of work.

At that time—for this is a true story—the family would have starved had not the boys nobly given themselves absolutely to its support. They took an extended newspaper route and divided it between them. How much did they earn? Just seven dollars a week. On that pittance the four persons lived and paid house rent.

The elder of the boys, a fine, manly fellow, showed so much pluck and good sense that he attracted the attention of a wealthy lady, who thought she saw

in him the promise of an unusual manhood.

"What would you like to do?" she asked him one evening, as he left the paper at her door.

"I would like to go to the Tech some time," he replied wistfully.

"The Tech?" repeated the lady.

The boy explained that he meant the institute of technology. She was not prepared for so large an expenditure as this would involve, and made but little reply, but she did not forget the lad's commendable wish.

As the times grew worse the struggle for existence in the Brady family was intensified. The lads were incessant in their endeavors to find more lucrative work, in order to support the father and mother. One day just then came great news. Preparation for a scholarship at the "tech" was offered to George, the elder boy.

"I am sure you will do credit to it," said the good woman, his customer and friend. Then, like so many benefactors, inconsiderate yet kind, she thought no more about him.

The lad was conscientious, ambitious, grateful and industrious to a pitiful degree. He could not give up his paper route, for on that the family lived; so he sat up until twelve o'clock at night studying; rose usually at four, and took his meals where he could. He was only fifteen years old and overgrown.

For three months he went to school. One day he came home late from distributing his evening paper. Though unusually cheerful, he said he was very tired. He tried to study, then fell asleep in his chair, and soon went to bed.

When his brother tried to wake him the next morning, the lad made no answer. A physician was called. He examined to poor, worn-out body and said that there was no disease but exhaustion. The boy was dead from overwork.

In the lad's pocket was found a little book. It was a small-print New Testament. In it several blank leaves had been pasted, and upon these were the pathetic accounts of the daily expenditure of money, by the poor boy, written in the most precise manner. Now, for the first time, the family learned that he had been living at the rate of four cents a meal, that being his highest allowance. The wonder is how he lived as long as he did.

And now when it was too late, pitying friends sprang up on all sides—as is oft the case. Too late? "What a waste of life!" they said. The shock from the death of his son roused the father from his long stupor. He was fortunate enough to be taken back to his old position. The remaining boy was well taken care of, and well repaid the care that he received.

The fortunes of the family turned; and from the date of their great grief their power to help themselves was assured, and the will of others to help them was wiser in its purpose.

The dead lad's sacrifice wrought for those he loved the very blessing which he would have chosen for them had he lived.

Must necessarily such suffering and such a death be called a waste? Sacrifice seems to be essential to the development of all that is noblest and best in men. Our dull moral perceptions do sometimes clearly see that whoso "loseth his life" unselfishly "finds it again."—Youth's Companion.

The devil puts in a good deal of time in trying to make people believe that they must bid good-by to joy on the day they give their hearts to Christ.

Two Views Of It.

A Boston daily paper has just printed a long article in praise of beer—"the aromatic, sparkling, amber fluid," which it says is fast becoming our national drink. It praises beer as a food, and as an aid to digestion, and altogether is enthusiastic over its virtues and good qualities as if the writer were a brewer with a lot of beer to sell.

On the other hand, Professor Morse at a recent meeting of the Alumni Association of the Medical-Chirurgical College in Philadelphia; made these significant statements: "We are rapidly becoming a nation of beer drinkers, and the insidious hold gained by that incurable kidney affection known as Bright's disease, threatens in time to largely decimate the ranks of the beer-drinkers."

King of Poisons.

Alcohol drinking must be called *alcohol poisoning*. You can't speak of a temperate use. It is nothing but a poisoning business right through from beginning to end. It is a poison that takes the active substance from the nerve tissue; it bites the nitrogen from the ganglia of the brain and nerve cells whenever it comes in contact with them; it creates an illusion of warmth and strength, while it is only reducing the temperature, wasting the strength.

Truly I may call it the King of Poisons, the King of Frauds, the King of Nuisances. As a nuisance it destroys the nervous system of the individual that drinks it, and leaves the whole body sick and rotten with the stuff it cannot throw off. Look at those purplish, twisted veins in the Toper's nose, and you will understand what I mean. An individual with waste matter in his blood that he cannot throw off through the kidneys, the skin and the lungs, has scarcely any chance in diseases of inflammatory nature. An individual who continually takes alcohol, even in what are called moderate drinks runs great risks. The nuisance that it is outside in society at large you yourselves know full well. I also call it the "King of Robbers."

In the United States according to Joseph Cook, there are five million church members who are voters. If these five million professing Christians could be united, the liquor traffic could be soon exterminated.